

MURPHY WILL BE BURIED BY AN AVALANCHE

Discredited Leader of
Tammany Heeds Signs
of Coming Oblivion.

CAN'T GET ANYTHING.

Appointees Named Are Turned
Down and He Is Slated
for the "Dump."

PICKING UP CRUMBS.

Sullivans Arrayed Against Him, He
Is Groping for Handhold
Without Hope.

The revolt against the leadership of Charles F. Murphy has assumed the proportions of an avalanche in Tammany Hall. The discredited leader, his puffy face drawn into a collection of curves and angles, indicative of a mixture of defiance and despair, has braced himself to withstand the shock; but his knees will wobble and his chin will quiver, in spite of all he can do. He has seen the handwriting on the wall and is trying to persuade himself that he was not able to read it.

Never in the history of a Tammany administration has an organization leader been compelled to stand out in the open, twenty-six days after the inauguration of the Mayor, and admit that he had been unable to secure any patronage. Charles F. Murphy has been unable to place a man of the Tammany organization in a city job since George E. McClellan was installed as Mayor. Further than that, he has been unable to do anything of consequence with the borough and county heads of departments.

Hayes a Bigger Man.

Nicholas Hayes, a Tammany leader, when he took the office of Sheriff, at the beginning of the year, was asked by the boss of Tammany Hall to make certain appointments. Hayes refused. He proceeded along lines other than those laid down by Murphy, and at this time Nicholas Hayes is, on the surface, a bigger man than Charles F. Murphy in Tammany Hall.

Comptroller Metz has made some appointments that have been dictated by Murphy. He has made some appointments that have been dictated by Senator McCarren. In the huffing of the flood that is sweeping him out of political leadership, Murphy, with his eyes closed and breathing through his ears, has groped about for a handhold, and one of his hands has become entangled with the coat-tails of Pat McCarren.

Seasoned old Tammany campaigners, men who were fighting the battles of the Wigwam in days when Charles F. Murphy was having the mantle of district leadership passed to him by Eddie Hagan, cut down to fit, grin as they contemplate the spectacle. Here is Charles Francis Murphy, greedily lapping up crumbs strewn—and sparingly strewn—by the man he tried to depose in Brooklyn. Here is a leader of Tammany Hall unable to secure any patronage for members of his organization save what comes to him by way of the Williamsburg Bridge.

Tammany Ready to Dump Boss.

A meeting of the Tammany Hall Executive Committee held to-morrow would result in Charles F. Murphy going to the has-been dump, if the question should be presented in the right way. The district leaders in Manhattan were unable to get much in the way of patronage during the first McClellan administration, because Murphy was too busy taking care of the New York Contracting Company and the New York Contracting and Trucking Company. They remember that the campaign slogan that went a long way to swell the vote cast for William Randolph Hearst was:

"Everybody works but Murphy."

Tammany contractors who have found themselves frozen out by the Murphy concern in the past two years are indulging in a large and melodious gloat. They have become accustomed to being turned down, because the Murphy contracting combine was disposed to "hog" everything in sight. Now they are making crosses on the ground, to mark the spot that will catch the remains of the Murphy grafting derrick when it topples over.

It is a positive fact, well pressed in on Tammany leaders, that Charles F. Murphy has no more influence at the City Hall than he has at the White House.

What keeps a political machine lubricated is patronage. Mr. Murphy has run out of lubricants. Some of his few remaining followers claim that he has been able to place Tammany Hall workers in good positions through Borough President Ahearn. But Mr. Ahearn has not made a single appointment of any consequence that can be traced back to Charles F. Murphy. The best jobs he has filled are held by men who were checked through by "Big Tim" Sullivan.

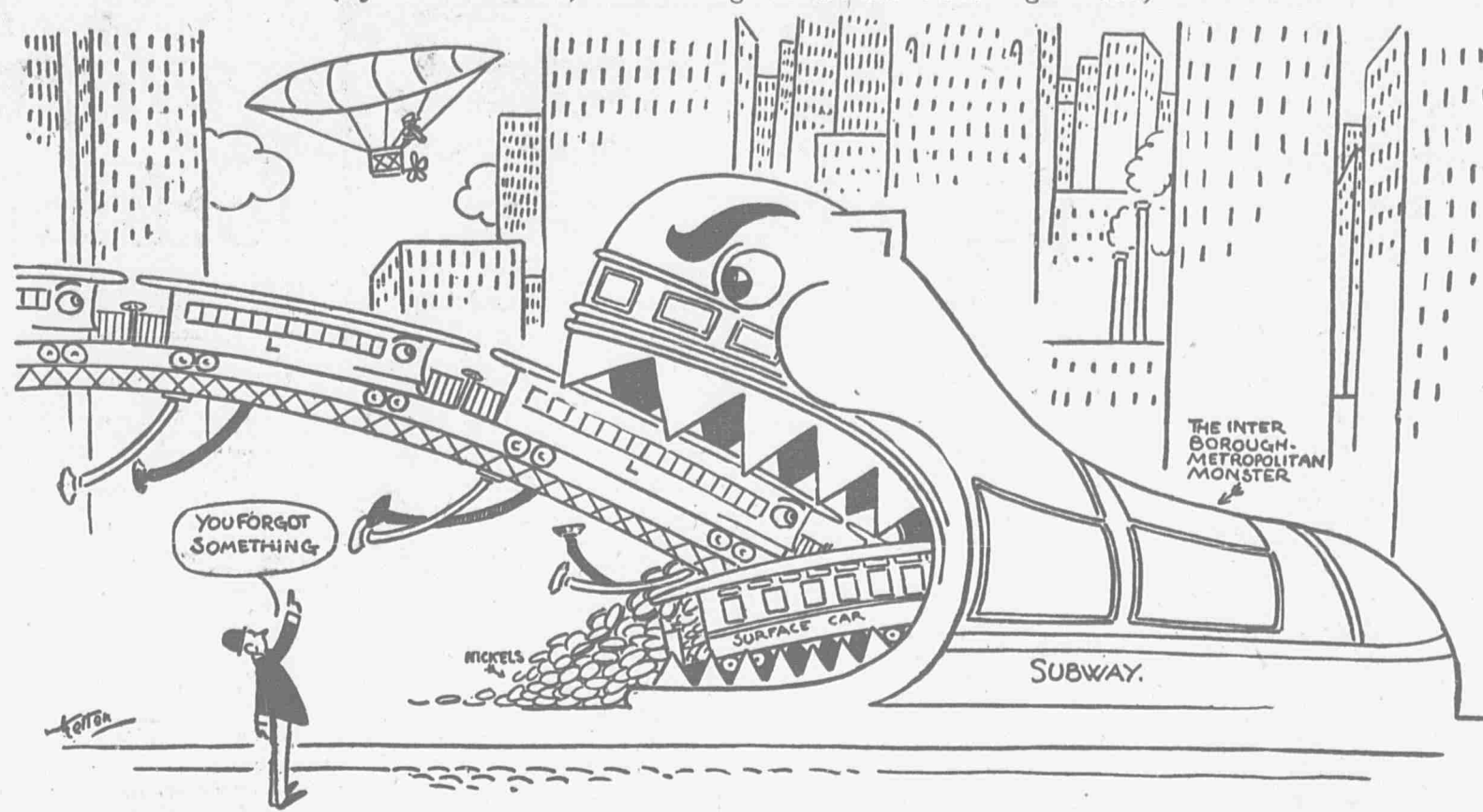
Sullivans Against Him.

No more striking illustration of the resemblance of Charles F. Murphy's power to an exploded balloon can be put in evidence than his loss of the support of the Sullivans. They are with the Mayor. "Big Tim" could be leader of Tammany Hall any time he said the word, but he won't take the place. The man he names will occupy the official chair that is rapidly cooling under the corporosity of Charles F. Murphy.

There are many reasons why Tammany leaders, firm believers in the doctrine that to the victors belong the spoils, look upon Murphy as a blunderer and the all-around champion political ass. The first reason is that he came close to turning Tammany out of power

MERGER MONSTER MISSED THE AIRSHIP LINE.

(By Maurice Ketten, The Evening World's Curve-and-Angle Artist.)



CHASED HIS FOE WITH KNIFE IN HAND

Conerillo Frightened Patrons
and Put Home Restaurant
in an Uproar.

For supplying to the patrons of the Home Restaurant, at One Hundred and Forty-seventh street and Willis avenue, something that was not down on the menu, Antonio Conerillo was to-day held in \$1,000 bail in the Morrisania Court.

Conerillo was the carver at the restaurant. John J. Amber, of No. 310 East Twelfth street, the dishwasher, last night made some remarks about Conerillo's ability in wielding the keen-edged knife. In a fury of rage the carver jumped at him with steel upraised.

Amber dived through the swinging doors leading from the kitchen to the dining-room. He felt over several chairs, tipped over a table, bowled over three patrons and shot out of the front door like a catapult. Fast on his heels was the infuriated carver, his ugly looking knife reaching out in vain for the victim.

The restaurant was quickly in an uproar. Several women fainted. Many ran out into Willis avenue after the fleeing pair.

The chase led across the intersection of Third avenue, where many men and women were waiting for cars. At One Hundred and Thirty-ninth street Amber dodged behind Policeman Stack and collapsed. Conerillo dropped at his side. The policeman's club knocked the knife from his hand.

The carver turned on the policeman. The two fought back and forth over the sidewalk. Finally Conerillo was subdued.

The crowd pressed around the prisoner and men began to punch at him. Detectives Healy and Hayes came to the rescue in the nick of time. All the way to the Alexander avenue station the crowd roared and yelled at Conerillo.

Next Sunday's World.

Which Is the Oldest
House in the City?

Do you know? Have you
ever seen it?

SEE NEXT
SUNDAY'S WORLD.

by his amateurish actions during the last campaign. The next reason is that when McClellan won, despite the handicap of red flags, scariet cartoons and typhoid editorials, the leader of Tammany Hall stood about as high at the door of the City Hall as he might at the entrance to Grant's Tomb.

Murphy refused to endorse the nomination of District-Attorney Jerome. Although he was urged to do it on the grounds of political expediency. Every move he made while the campaign was on was a mistake. There is no exception to be taken to this statement.

"Murphy," said a leader of Tammany Hall yesterday, "got a swelled head when somebody persuaded him to endorse Grout and Fomes in the campaign of 1903. He doesn't know any more about public sentiment in this town than he knows about public sentiment in Manila, but when men who are close to the people day and night venture to advise him in the last campaign they were insulted. Even when he saw that he could land some of the men who had worked for McClellan and helped McClellan win, he persisted in sending names to the City Hall that a ball around the house has passed up blind men would have passed up."

"Ingratitude!" His Howl.

"Murphy," a boisterous angriest of the crowd, "with all credit to him, I think he honestly believes that he had a hand in electing McClellan. If I was running for office I'd hate to have what hand he had."

"Giving Murphy the right to buy a county seat," said a man who went to Long Island and buy one just before the election last year? It seems to me that after he sets himself up as a country gentleman he takes to putting on knee-breeches and a top hat and to ball around the landscape. Why, even Richard Croker didn't have the nerve to do that. He was a man of the world and Tammany and had removed to England."

Murphy could not save John T. Oakley, Maurice Featherston or George Best. He cannot save himself. He is the last of the Murphy hanging on, and he is hanging on by his eyelids.

BRIDGE HOG QUICKLY PUT OUT BY NEW SQUAD

Inspector Flood Shows Rare Judgment in the
Selection of Policemen, and the Rowdies
Are Forced to Keep Quiet.

CAPT. BROPHY PRAISES THE WORK OF "ANTI-HOG" SQUAD.

I AM glad Gen. Bingham sent me the additional men. It is just the action that was needed to deal with this problem of the Bridge crowds. The crowding is no joke. It seems to me that each night there are more people to pass over. I am satisfied with the first day's work of the new squad.—Statement of Police Captain Brophy, who has been handling Bridge "rashes" for twenty years.

Police Commissioner Bingham's first actual achievement of material public benefit since assuming office is now in successful operation at the Manhattan terminal of the Brooklyn Bridge. Shortly after Gen. Bingham became head of the Police Department The Evening World pointed out to him the imperative need of reform in the management of the crowds which so long have made this important terminal a terror to the weak and a menace to all who use it at the close of the day's work.

In particular it was impressed upon the General that something should be done for the immediate suppression of the bridge "hog," a strange type of human whose idea of a good time seems to be to crowd women, children and old men into compact masses where their lives and health are endangered, and who not infrequently insult helpless women.

Gen. Bingham, with an open-mindedness which inspires hope for the future of his administration, began an immediate investigation of the situation. Having convinced himself of the need of a remedy, he acted with quick decision and capacity for organization, and in a few days the most important policemen ever seen in uniform reported for service at the bridge.

All Men of Experience.

Every one of the new men had seen long service at various danger points in Manhattan, and every one of them, standing head and shoulders above the ordinary run of humanity, was able in himself to control and keep moving a goodly proportion of the streams of people pouring through the narrow bridge entrance. These forty brought the total number on duty up to fifty-six patrol-

men, three sergeants, four roundsmen and Capt. Brophy, the latter standing 6 feet 3 inches in his stockings and with thirty years' experience at the post.

Inspector Flood selected the men, rested for robbing the house of James M. Marble, of No. 126 West One Hundred and Twenty-first street. The boys had in their possession two suit cases containing about \$1,000 worth of loot from Mr. Marble's home. The house has been closed while the family are at Ormond, Fla. Entrance was effected through a basement window. When examined yesterday they pleaded guilty and were held in the hope that relations of the boys might appear.

This morning Mr. Marble asked to see the boys. At sight of Kelley, whose exceptional beauty and childishness had already won the interest of the court attaché, Mr. Marble declared that he never would believe the lad had criminal instincts. He soon learned that Kelley's mother had died when he was very young, and that he had been allowed to run wild. Yet he could not be the boy no traces of the coarseness of the street gamins.

Mr. Marble is a large, distinguished appearing man, expensively attired, and apparently quite master of himself, but there were tears in his eyes and his voice trembled as he pleaded with Magistrate Crane to discharge Kelley.

"I never can feel right if the child is treated as a criminal," he said. "There must be some humane way out of this. If your honor will discharge him I'll take myself responsible for his future. I'll take care of him, see that he has work and look to his moral development. If you cannot release Kelley without also discharging Flanagan, I'll take them both and be responsible for them."

By this time Kelley was sobbing, and Flanagan was on the edge. Magistrate Crane performed some heroic efforts in the way of keeping his own voice steady, and assured Mr. Marble that he, as a man and a Magistrate, was vitally interested in the welfare of all who were brought before him, but unfortunately the charge was burglary, and he was, however, Mr. Crane decided might be changed to disorderly conduct. On the amended charge, despite Mr. Marble's plea, the Magistrate thought it was better to send both boys to the Reformatory at Hart's Island, where he assured them they were not to be punished, but helped and educated. The term would be six months, so that with progress and good conduct they might hope for early liberty.

As the boys were led away Kelley seized Mr. Marble's hand and tried to speak his thanks, but was unable to control his voice.

Mr. Marble thanked the Magistrate and the former British Minister at Washington, died in London this afternoon after a lengthy illness.

SING A SONG O' BLACKMAIL.

By Walter A. Sinclair.

Sing a Song o' Blackmail, pockets full of pie.
Four-and-twenty rich birds done to a fry.

When the pie was opened the boss began to sing:
"Ain't the social money-bags the marks to string?"

The maid is in the parlor, rubbering for news;
The cook is in the kitchen, dopping private views;

Butler's in the pantry, strictly on the snoop,
Very busy framing up a great big scoop.

The boss is in the counting-house, counting out his money;
In comes Davy Crockett, looking very "gunny."

The judge is in the court-room, sending out advice.
Isn't that the coldest deal ever put on ice?

Cochman's in the stable, framing up a "stall,"
Shaking down the master on a little haul.

MERRY BACHELORS TO DANCE.

Will Entertain Spinster Friends at
Ball Saturday Night.

There won't be any bachelors left in the Merry Bachelors' Club if all the plans made by that organization for its masquerade ball in the Grand Cen-

tra Palace to-morrow night are carried out, for all the attractive and lovely young women of the bachelors' acquaintance are to be present, determined to make the bachelors revoke their vows.

The bachelors have arranged a most attractive programme of amusements for their guests.

WANTED BOYS FREED ON THEFT CHARGE

Mr. Marble Relented, Although
Youths Had Been Caught
with the Goods.

In the Harlem Court to-day was seen the unusual spectacle of the complainant in a burglary case making a long and impassioned plea for the release of the defendant. Yesterday two boys, John Kelley, aged fifteen years, of Highbridge, and John Flanagan, aged twenty, of No. 429 St. Nicholas street, were arrested for robbing the house of James M. Marble, of No. 126 West One Hundred and Twenty-first street. The boys had in their possession two suit cases containing about \$1,000 worth of loot from Mr. Marble's home. The house has been closed while the family are at Ormond, Fla. Entrance was effected through a basement window. When examined yesterday they pleaded guilty and were held in the hope that relations of the boys might appear.

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MAN WHO KNEW KING EDWARD DIES IN PRISON

Boothman, a Picturesque
Criminal with Fondness
for Monocle and Spats.

WAS PAL OF WHITEMAN.

London Too Hot for Him, He
Went to Auburn, Via
the Waldorf.

STARTED A SYNDICATE.

Had Notorious Duluth Mayor for a
Partner and Both Landed
in Jail.

The death in Auburn prison of Joseph Boothman of a broken heart because at last he had to wear the stripes of a convict for his part in the great Knox-Whiteman swindling syndicate, closes the last chapter in the life of one of the most picturesque criminals of modern times. He not only came of a good family, but he was on easy terms with His Majesty King Edward VII. He also had lived in Park Lane, London, the swellest street in the British capital.

But then it is only a three-pence bus ride from Park Lane to the east end of Whitechapel, and when Boothman began his crooked career he went from the west end to Whitechapel in a hurry—probably on the last three-pence that he had.

The next country of him was when he got to this country after dear old London became too hot for him. He went to the Waldorf, if you please, and while there looking at the stock ticker through his monocle he met a very affable gentleman, the same being Alfonso J. Whiteman, once Mayor of Duluth, and the political leader of the State of Minnesota, also a graduate of Hamilton College, and ex-millionaire, but now a convict.

Scientific Crime Career.

Whiteman, before Boothman had met him, had entered upon a career of crime in such a scientific way that until the Pinkertons, acting for the American Bankers' Association, got after him he was able to baffle the police of the great cities of the entire country. There was something in common between the two crooks that brought them together over the ticker in the Waldorf-Astoria, and it did not take the alert Whiteman long to see that in Boothman, instead of a victim, he had a partner in crime.

The precious pair started out to make a fortune. They picked up one Knox and the syndicate crime that the Pinkertons broke up was started. There were six in it all told. All that are left are in jail.

It was up in Buffalo that the detectives landed Whiteman and the rest of the bunch of crooks. Whiteman was tried first and the jury disagreed. The principal witness at the first trial was Boothman, who said that his part in the swindling of the Fidelity Trust Company was not a guilty act, as he had been led astray by Whiteman. At the second trial he refused to testify against his old pal.

Both Men Convicted.

Whiteman was convicted. He got eight years. Boothman went to Auburn for five years and six months in December last, three days after Whiteman had reached there.

Just as soon as he got into jail, according to Supt. Dougherty of the Pinkertons, Boothman got up a special scheme among the prisoners that netted him quite a little profit.

In speaking of this unique character to-day Mr. Dougherty said:

"Boothman was the queerest crook that I have ever met. He always wore a monocle and white spats. He had all the appearance of a well-to-do English gentleman, but he was a born crook. When he was on the witness stand he was asked if he bobbed with the King and he said if you call drinking a highball with him or smoking a cigar with His Majesty, Yes, but otherwise no."

White raised a draft from \$61 to \$9,000 and Boothman deposited it in the Trust Company. Then he drew checks against the account.

JERSEY CITY POLICE PROMOTED.

Patrolman Timothy Shugrue, James Langdon and Clarkson Lewis, of Jersey City, will to-morrow morning assume the duties of the third grade. They were promoted last night by the Board of Police Commissioners. Seventeen patrolmen of the third grade were promoted to the second grade.

Radium Radia

is a remedy that should be in all homes, as it is the greatest eradicator of

COUGHS AND COLDS

No one need fear the development of that dreaded

PNEUMONIA

if Radium Radia is applied when colds are first felt

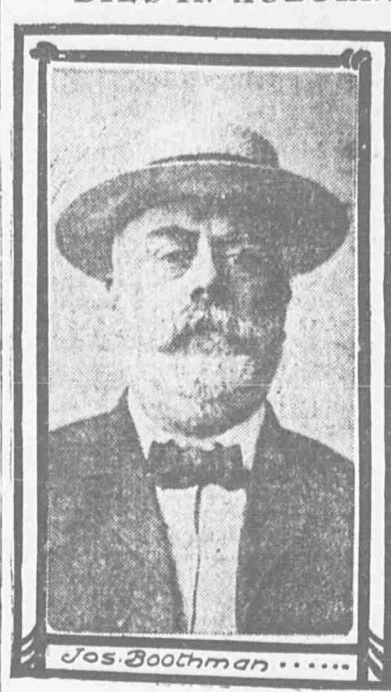
It Never Fails to CURE

APPLIED EXTERNALLY

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PRICE 50c and 25c Write for Booklet

BOOTHMAN, STAR PRISON CONVICT, DIES IN AUBURN.



BOYS BURNED TO DEATH IN A KILN.

Two Went to Sleep on Burn-
ing Heap of Shells and
Were Roasted.

NEWARK, N. J., Jan. 26.—The bodies of the boys, burned to a crisp, were found early to-day at the plant of the Oyster Shell Lime Kiln Company, at Van Buren and Clover streets. The victims were Anthony Morris, fifteen years old, of No. 150 Jackson street, and Alden Lambert, fourteen years, of No. 121 Perry street.

The kiln company manufactures lime from oyster and clam shells. About twenty wagon loads of shells at a time are heaped up on a big coke fire and gradually reduced to powder, which is subsequently treated to a chemical process.

Before the fire has fully penetrated the shells the top of the heap makes a not uncomfortable resting place on a cold night.

The two boys, it is said, had not been at their homes for several nights past and other boys have informed the police that the victims had been sleeping on the shell heap. It is supposed that they were overcome by the gases from the pile of shells, and then as the fire had eaten its way through the shell mound fallen into the blaze and been roasted to death.

INDICTED FOR MURDER.

Huecher Must Stand Trial for
Killing of Man in Hyde Park.

The Grand Jury at Hudson, L. I., to-day indicted Joseph Huecher, for the murder of Gottlieb Scharrer at Hyde Park, L. I., last December.

It is alleged by the prosecution that the defendant drew from a bank in this city \$50 belonging to Scharrer, and that when the latter discovered the theft Huecher killed him.

SMOKE TALK

"SMOKERITUS"
comes from
smoking heavy, clear
Havanacigars. Every
nerve becomes irri-
tated. Get out of the
way, here he comes
scowling, grunting,
scolding! This fel-
low needs a mild
blend of domestic
and Havana tobacco
to soothe his ruffled
front—a delightful

ROBERT BURNS CIGAR

DIAMONDS

WEAR DIAMONDS
AND
Look Prosperous.
You can have them on
CREDIT
from us, paying as your
income will allow.
Desiring a Confidential
No employers' refer-
ences required.
CALL OR WRITE FOR
CATALOGUE No. 44.
Exclusive Franch. 487 Fulton st.

L.W. SWEET & CO.
39 MAIDEN LANE N.Y.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3.50 SHOES FOR MEN

At trial will convince
you that W. L. Dou-
glas \$3.50 shoes are